

NOW: MORE PAGES, HIGHER QUALITY, MORE EXPENSIVE

EIGHTBALL

no. 16



\$3.95

IN CANADA \$5.50

In This Issue:

Like a Weed, Joe
IMMORTAL, INVISIBLE
MCMCLXVI
SQUIRREL GIRL
and
CANDY-PANTS
Ghost World

RECOMMENDED
MATURE
READERS

PUBLISHED BY



FANTAGRAPHICS INC.



SQUIRREL GIRL AND CANDY-PANTS

by DANIEL CLOWES

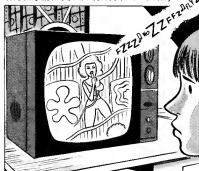




I WAS EASY TO BELIEVE MY OWN DELUSIONS. THERE WERE ONLY TWO FRAIL (AND ENTHUSIASTICALLY INDOLENT) OLD PEOPLE AROUND TO JUDGE ME. AT TIMES I FELT NEARLY SUPER-HUMAN...



I KNOW THEY SAY YOUR PSYCHOLOGICAL PROGRAMMING IS SET BY AGE SEVEN, BUT I REALLY FEEL LIKE THAT SUMMER WAS A TURNING POINT IN TERMS OF MY BECOMING "WITHDRAWN" AND "PASSIVE" (TWO FAVORITE WORDS OF MY SCHOOL PSYCHOLOGIST)...



BEYOND THAT, OF COURSE, THEIR INTENSE, DESPERATE LOVE WAS STIFLING AND UNCOMFORTABLE...



INCIDENTALLY, THIS WAS ALSO THE SUMMER I BECAME A MAN, AT LEAST AS FAR AS MY POTENTIAL FOR REPRODUCTION GOES...



WHEN THE CHRIST FAMILY (I'M NOT MAKING THAT UP) RENTED THE PINK COTTAGE (WHICH WAS DEAD) IT WAS AN ENORMOUS, THRILLING EVENT. MY HEART PRACTICALLY STOPPED WHEN, AFTER THE FATHER AND MOTHER, A TEENAGE DAUGHTER EMERGED FROM THE BUSHES. I SAT WATCHING THEM, FLOATING INVISIBLY (OR SO I FIGURED) AS THEY SAT THERE FOR HOURS NOT MOVING.



A FEW NIGHTS LATER I "TOOK A WALK" AND WOUND UP WATCHING HER PLAY CARDS WITH THE FOLKS. I KEPT EXPECTING SOMETHING TO HAPPEN BUT IT NEVER DID. IT'S WEIRD HOW SOMETHING LIKE THAT - SO MUNDANE - CAN GIVE YOU A BONER.



ON THE WAY DOWN I HAPPENED UPON HER BIKINI... AT FIRST I FELT LIKE I'D HIT THE JACKPOT, BUT QUICKLY DECIDED I'D BETTER NOT TOUCH IT (FINGER-PRINTS, BLOODHOUNDS, ETC.). IT SMELLED LIKE WET SAND AND SEANNEED, WITHOUT ANY HINT OF DISRUSSNESS.



THE NEXT DAY, MY GRANDPARENTS TOOK ME TO A PUPPET SHOW IN A NEARBY HICK TOWN. THEY WERE SO HAPPY TO BE DOING THIS FOR ME. I DIDN'T HAVE THE HEART TO POINT OUT THAT, AS ALWAYS, I WAS THE OLDEST KID THERE BY A MILE... THE THING IS, THOUGH, I SORTA DUG IT...



AFTERWARDS, MY GRANDFATHER, WHO WAS PRETTY FAR GONE AT THIS POINT, TRIED, IN THE SPIRIT OF NEIGHBOR LINGS, TO TELL AN "EARTHY" STORY (ONE HIS FORTS) TO SOME TOUCHY LUTHERANS...



MY GRANDFATHER WAS A CONSTANT SOURCE OF EMBARRASSMENT. HE COULD NOT COMPREHEND THE INANE MECHANICS OF MODERN CULTURE -- A BLESSING THAT I NOW ADMIRE AND LOOK TO FOR INSPIRATION.



OVER THE NEXT FEW WEEKS I BECAME MORE, YOU MIGHT SAY, OBSESSIVE. I MEMORIZED HER SCHEDULE (12:30 - 6 PM, NO APPEARANCES ON THURSDAY) AND DIVIDED MY TIME BETWEEN SITTING AS THOUGH IN DEEP CONTEMPLATION AND GRYING FROM THE BUSHES.



DURING THE OFF-PEAK HOURS I STUCK TO MY OLD HABITS, THOUGH MY FANTASIES WERE INCREASINGLY REPLACED BY UNREALISTIC DREAMS FOR THE COMING SCHOOL YEAR...

DID I TELL YOU GUYS ABOUT THE CHICK I BONED AT THE BEACH LAST SUMMER?



ON THE FOURTH OF JULY, MY GRANDPARENTS ARRANGED FOR ME TO MAKE FRIENDS WITH BEING: A MOODY AND BUSTLER LOCAL BOY (SON OF A MAN THEY BOUGHT APPARATUS FROM) WHO WAS TWO YEARS OLDER THAN ME...



WITH NO ADULTS AROUND HE WAS MORE TALKATIVE - EVERY WORD GAVE NOTICE TO THE PRESENCE OF DEEP, UNFIXABLE TROUBLE...



ARE YOU ADOPTED, OR DID YOUR PARENTS FUCK FOR YOU?

AT NIGHT I WAS OFTEN OVERCOME WITH A PUNIAL AND THRILLING ROMANTIC DEPAIR - UNFORTUNATELY, WHAT HAD SEEMED LIKE AN EXPRESSION OF UNFILTERED EMOTION WAS ALWAYS REVEALED AS TRITE AND POINTLESS IN THE DAYLIGHT.



WITH NO MORE THAN AN OCCASIONAL GRUNT (HIS STOCK ANSWER TO ALL ADULT QUESTIONS), BEING WAS ABLE TO VOICE AN AIR OF DANGEROUS UNPREDICTABILITY...



I WAS SCARED TO DEATH OF HIM, BUT I GUESS I ALSO SORT OF RELATED TO HIS ALIENATION... YOU KNOW HOW IT IS...



... IF ANYBODY EVER TRIED THAT SHIT WITH ME, I'D FUCK WITH 'EM AND GET 'EM REALLY MAD AT ME, AND THEN I'D PULL OUT A NH MAG - NUM AND WATCH 'EM SHIT THEIR PANTS!

AT NIGHT THESE DREAMY SCENARIOS INvariably FACED, TOO OFTEN GIVING WAY TO THE RESTLESS FEVER OF ROMANTIC DELUSION...



BUT ONCE THE SHOW BEGAN, I WAS MESMERIZED BY ITS THREEDIMENSIONAL BARNESNESS, THE BEAUTIFUL TRAGEDY OF THE WHOLE THING. I COULD BARELY CONTAIN MY INTENSE FEELINGS OF LOVE AND GOODWILL FOR EVERY PERFORMER...



THE WHOLE TIME I KEPT WAITING FOR BEAVIS TO SAY SOMETHING. WHENEVER THE JUGGLER DROPPED A BALL I CRINGED, EXPECTING A WISCRACK. I WOULDN'T HAVE BEEN ABLE TO STAND IT, I DON'T THINK. FORTUNATELY, THERE WAS ONLY ONE SMALL EXCHANGE...



THE NEXT DAY BEAVIS AND I WERE TAKEN TO THE 'CIRCUS'. THEY CALLED IT THE BARNUM BOMB SHOW-TOP, IF YOU CAN BELIEVE THAT. THE WHOLE THING FELT LIKE A SCAM, THOUGH FROM THE LOOKS OF THINGS NOT A VERY EFFECTIVE ONE...



THAT'S REALLY SOMETHIN', ISN'T IT BOY?

GOD A SECOND I THOUGHT I WAS GOING TO BURST INTO TEARS. THAT'S REAL ART, MY FRIENDS... I WANTED TO CHEER LOUDER THAN ANYONE THERE, BUT I WAS AFRAID IT WOULD COME OUT SOUNDING INSINCERE...



THAT NIGHT HE STAYED OVER AT OUR PLACE. MY GRANDPARENTS HATED HIM, I COULD TELL, AND CERTAINLY THERE WAS NO GOOD REASON NOT TO.



HE WAS A CREEP, PLAIN AND SIMPLE. BUT HE NEVER PRETENDED OTHERWISE. BEING A CREEP GIVES YOU A LOT OF FREEDOM AT THAT AGE.



IT WAS THE CLOSEST I EVER GOT TO THE GIRL. I COULD SWEAR SHE WAS LOOKING RIGHT AT ME... EVEN THOUGH SHE WAS WITH HER PARENTS, BENNY WAS CONVINCED THAT IF WE WAITED LONG ENOUGH SHE WOULD TAKE OFF HER CLOTHES.

THAT NIGHT THE GIRLS WERE HAVING ONE OF THEIR BONFIRES. BENNY AND I INSTINCTIVELY TOOK TO THE BUSHES, SKULKING THROUGH BRIARS AND POISON OAK TO AFFORD OURSELVES A BETTER LOOK...



THE NEXT DAY, THURSDAY, THERE WAS ANOTHER MESSAGE ON THE BEACH. WE MUST HAVE WALKED OVER IT THE NIGHT BEFORE BECAUSE AGAIN I COULDN'T MAKE IT OUT...



HE TRIED TO EXPLAIN TO ME WHAT HE THOUGHT IT SAID BUT I COULDN'T FOLLOW HIM. AFTER A LONG, SILENT DELIBERATION HE CAREFULLY SPELLED OUT HIS RESPONSE.



WE SAT UNTIL LUNCHTIME, WAITING TO SEE WHAT MIGHT HAPPEN...



BEMIS GOT ALL WORKED UP TALKING ABOUT HOW HE LIKED TO GO HUNTING WITH HIS "TWELVE GAUGE" AND BLOW AWAY SQUIRRELS AND STUFF. HE BEGAN THROWING ROCKS AT SEAGULLS. HE THREW LIKE A GIRL AND I FELT THANKFUL THAT AT LEAST MY OLD MAN HAD TAUGHT ME THAT MUCH...



I JUST STOOD THERE FOR A TERRIBLE MOMENT BEFORE BEMIS FINISHED HIM OFF. I GUESS IT WAS AN ACT OF COMPASSION ON HIS PART, AS UNLIKELY AS THAT SEEMS.



JUST AS HE WAS ABOUT TO GET INTO HIS FATHER'S CAR, BEMIS REACHED INTO HIS POCKET AND, LIKE A MAGICIAN, PULLED OUT A PAIR OF STOLEN BIKINI PANTIES (OR WHATEVER THEY'RE CALLED).



I FIGURED HERE'S MY CHANCE TO SHOW HIM UP. I HONESTLY DIDN'T EVEN THINK ABOUT WHAT I WAS DOING UNTIL MY THIRD SHOT CONNECTED.



LATER, HE WANTED TO GO BY THE CHRIST-GIRL'S BEACH HOUSE AND SNOOP AROUND. THIS MADE ME NERVOUS SO I STAYED ON THE BEACH. AFTER A WHILE HE CAME DOWN AND WE WALKED BACK TO MY GRANDPARENTS' HOUSE WITHOUT A WORD.



AFTER DARK I GOT OUT TO ERASE BEMIS' ENIGMATIC INSCRIPTION AND TO SOMEHOW ALTER THE CRIME SCENE SO AS TO DIVERT SUSPICION AWAY FROM MYSELF. BUT MY GRANDFATHER STOOD IN THE WAY.



AT THE TIME I REALLY COULDN'T SEE WHAT WAS THE BIG DEAL ABOUT THE MOON AND THE STARS, BUT THE OLD MAN GOT SO CHOKED UP OVER IT ALL THAT I DECIDED I DIDN'T DARE RISK DISAPPOINTING HIM BY CARRYING OUT MY LITTLE PLAN...



LATER THAT AFTERNOON SHE LEFT FOR GOOD. UNLIKE MOST FISHING, THE CHICKS WERE IMMACULATE AND LEFT NO SIGN WHATSOEVER THAT THEY HAD BEEN THERE.



I SAW A LOT OF BEANS UNTIL HE GOT A JOB AT THE CANNERY TO PAY FOR SOME FANCY DIRT BIKE THAT HE WOULDN'T SHUT UP ABOUT, BUT THAT'S ANOTHER STORY.



THE NEXT MORNING THERE WAS ANOTHER MESSAGE ON THE BEACH. IT COULDN'T HAVE BEEN THERE VERY LONG BUT IT HAD BEEN TAMPED AND WINDBLOWN LIKE THE OTHERS AND WAS JUST AS IMPOSSIBLE TO READ...



I WAS ABLE TO OUL THE PAIN OF NEVER EVEN KNOWING HER FIRST NAME BY SAILING BACK INTO MY OLD HABITS. YEARS LATER I NAMED HER KATHY AND WAS ABLE TO CONVINCE MYSELF AND OTHERS THAT SHE WAS THE FIRST GIRL I EVER KISSED.



AT THE END OF THE SUMMER IT WAS DECIDED THAT I WOULD KEEP ON LIVING WITH MY GRANDPARENTS. WE MOVED BACK TO THE CITY (MY GRANDFATHER NEEDED SURGERY) AND I WENT TO A NEW SCHOOL, WHERE I STRUGGLED TO BE THOUGHT OF AS SOMEONE WHO HAD A VITAL AND COMPLICATED INNER WORLD.



end

WHAT AM I, A PSYCHIATRIST?

THE THOUGHT OF YOU ACTUALLY DROPPING OUT A PIECE OF ZIP-A-TONE TO APPLY ON PAGE 9, PANEL 4 OF EIGHTBALL #16 MAKES ME GO INTO A LAUGHING FIT. HOW EXACTLY DO YOU GO ABOUT CHOOSING A TONE FOR "SMITH" AND DID YOU GET AN ELECTION WHILE APPLYING SAID TINY PIECE OF TONE TO THE PAGE? YOU'RE SICK... NO ONE LIKES YOU.

CHAD LINGHE
NO ADDRESS GIVEN

YOUR LETTERS PAGE
SCOTT STANARD
GREENSBURG, PA

... WHY DOES EIGHTBALL COME OUT SO RARELY? WHY CAN'T YOU MANAGE TO WORK FASTER? AREN'T YOU SUPPOSED TO BE A PROFESSIONAL?

PHILIP LENSEN
AACHEN,
GERMANY

... I DREAM CARICATURES IN LONG BEACH. ONE SUMMER, ONE LADY ASKED ME TO DRAW HER WHOLE FAMILY. THE THING IS, THEY WEREN'T EVEN THERE SO SHE JUST DESCRIBED THEM ALL TO ME. WHEN I FINISHED, SHE SAID IT LOOKED JUST LIKE THEM AND THEY WOULDN'T REMEMBER IF THEY POSED FOR IT.

ANTHONY WKOZDZICH
PASADENA, CA

SEVERAL MONTHS AGO I WROTE TO MOCK YOU FOR

MOVING TO BERKELEY. WHILE IT SEEMS YOU'RE ON-TIME TO CONTINUE LIVING AMONG BIKEN-STOCK-WEARING, CARLOS CASTANEDA-READING, ESPRESSO SLURPING MIMONS OF THE EAST BAY, YOUR WORK HAS THANKFULLY REMAINED UNAFFECTED BY THE WOOD-DROWING, SWEET MONEY AND THE ROCK-LISTENING, INCENSE-BURNING PEOPLE YOU NOW CALL YOUR NEIGHBORS.

REX OGDEN
BROOKLYN, NY

... I'M A PRO CARICATURIST WHO SPENDS 10-12 MONTHS A YEAR TRAVELING ALL OVER, WORKING FAIRS, FESTIVALS, MALLS AND SLEAZY BARS PUNING MY PITIFUL TRADE. I WAS DEEPLY MOVED BY YOUR STORY "CARICATURE."

THE WHOLE EPISODE WAS DISTURBINGLY FAMILIAR, ECHOING MY OWN PATHETIC EXISTENCE PANDERING TO THE LOWEST COMMON DENOMINATOR (AND YES, THE PART ABOUT THE BAND-AIDS IS TRUE, ALTHOUGH I'VE NEVER BLED ON A CARICATURE.)

SAH KEANKE
DENVER, CO

... IN EIGHTBALL #16 IN THE "FELDMAN" STRIP, YOU FORGOT TO WRITE THE QUESTION ON THE BLACKBOARD TWO TIMES. I THINK YOU SHOULD CORRECT IT AND REPRINT THE ISSUE. IT SEEMS SO UNPROFESSIONAL. ALSO, I'M THE GUY WHO SENT YOU THE PICTURES OF THE TATTOOED. TELL YOUR FRIENDS THEY'RE BACKED-UP AND STUPID... IT'S REAL! IT CAUSED ME A LOT OF PAIN. IT WASN'T NO MAGIC MARKERS!

JOHN HENEGHAN
NEW YORK, NY

WRITE:
EIGHTBALL
2140 SHATTUCK AVE
SUITE 2107
BERKELEY
CALIFORNIA
94704
USA

ORIGINAL ART CATALOGUE
3 DOLLARS
Artwork from Eightball, Slurp, Slurpings, & elsewhere. Send three dollars cash or money order (no checks). Address name & catalogue sent FREE but a year update.

ADVERTISEMENT

ADVERTISEMENT



MCMLXVI

DANIEL CLOWES



AS YOU CAN SEE, MY PLACE IS LIKE A SHRINE TO THE GOLDEN AGE... A FEW YEARS AGO I WENT ON A ROAD TRIP WITH MY OLD GIRLFRIEND GOING TO FLEA MARKETS AND STUFF...



ONE OTHER REASON FOR THE TRIP WAS TO TRY TO TRACK DOWN THIS GUY JACK STEINBLATT WHO USED TO WRITE SEX NOVELS IN THE EARLY '60'S...



"LOVE IS FOR CLODS," SAID THE GINCH. HER THICK BREASTS ROLLED FORWARD, LIPS PARTING, HAIR CASCAIDING... SUDDENLY, THUD! MY BRAIN TOTTERED LIKE A JINKY BOARD IN A WINDSTORM AND I -- WHEN I CAME TO, MY FACE WAS PINNED TO THE PAVEMENT BY A FAMILIAR CHUBAN HEEL. I'D BEEN PLAYED LIKE A TWO-DOLLAR SONGPHONE! 'GREGG, I SURBLED..."



IT'S LIKE POETRY! I MEAN, WHAT THE FUCK IS A JINKY BOARD? -- GO WE GOT TO MEET HIM. HE SHOWED US THIS STUFF HE WROTE IN THE LATE '70'S THAT WAS BASICALLY CHILD PORNOGRAPHY, INCEST AND STUFF. AND MY OLD GIRLFRIEND PICKED THAT MOMENT TO SUDDENLY START GETTING OFFENDED BY ALL THESE SEX BOOKS THAT SHE'S SEEN A MILLION TIMES BEFORE...



I LIKE TO EAT THICK STEAKS, SMOKE CIGARS AND DRINK BEER... IF SHE DIDN'T LIKE THAT STUFF, FINE. BUT WHAT BUSINESS IS IT OF HER'S IF I WANT TO ENJOY MY LIFE?!



ANYWAY, MY PRESENT GIRLFRIEND IS MUCH COOLER -- ALMOST PERFECT, EXCEPT SHE'S INTO THIS NEW STAR TREK SHIT - I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT IT'S CALLED - AND SOMETIMES HER TASTE IN MUSIC IS A LITTLE QUESTIONABLE. SHE SAYS SHE LIKES GILT LIKE DURAN DURAN BECAUSE IT'S "FUNNY". TO ME THERE IS ABSOLUTELY NOTHING FUNNY ABOUT THAT CRAP!



YOU PROBABLY NOTICED ALL MY **BATMAN** STUFF. ADAM WEST IS MY **HERO** ... MORE ANYONE IN THEIR RIGHT MIND COULD PREFER THAT **MODERN BATMAN** -- THAT **PLASTIC-NIPPLE HIGH-TECH** &+M BULLSHIT TO THE **REAL** BATMAN IS BEYOND ME!



LOOK AT THIS PICTURE OF ME WHEN I WAS A BABY - YOU CAN SEE MY BROTHER IN THE BACKGROUND IN HIS FULL BATMAN OUTFIT - WHAT A DORK! HE'S FIVE YEARS OLDER THAN ME AND UP UNTIL ABOUT A YEAR AGO HE WAS THIS TOTALLY REPRESSED GAY GUY WHO STILL LIVED WITH MY MOM!



ONE DAY, TOTALLY OUT OF THE BLUE, MY MOM TELLS ME THAT DADY HAS FINALLY GOTTEN A JOB. SHE SAID IT LIKE THIS WAS NO BIG DEAL AT ALL.



I COULD NOT FUCKING BELIEVE IT! THEN I FIND OUT THAT HE'S GOING TO BE IN THIS SHOW DOWNTOWN CALLED 'SUPERSTARS' WHERE IT'S ALL GUYS IMPERSONATING HAS-BEEN FEMALE STARS LIKE JOAN RIVERS, ETC.



MY OLD GIRLFRIEND MADE ME GO AND IT WAS THE MOST GRUELING NIGHT OF MY FUCKING LIFE! TO THIS DAY HE HAS NEVER ONCE MENTIONED ANYTHING ABOUT A BOYFRIEND AND IT STILL HADN'T DAWNED ON MY MOM THAT HE MIGHT POSSIBLY BE GAY! SHE EVEN HELPS HIM PRACTICE HIS ROUTINES!



GET THIS! A WEEK BEFORE I WAS BORN, MY PARENTS WENT TO VEGAS AND SAW SAMMY AND DINO AT THE SANDS... CAN YOU IMAGINE THAT? NOWADAYS YOU'D HAVE TO PAY A HUNDRED BUCKS A TICKET TO SEE BIEBERFIED AND FACKING ROY! PEOPLE ARE SUCH IDIOTS!



BEFORE WE GOT REMARRIED, MY DAD USED TO BE A PRETTY COOL GUY - IN HIS POST-NOM DAYS, HE USED TO HANG OUT AT THIS AMAZING STRIP JOINT, **DIAMOND JIM'S**, WHERE ALL THESE GREAT OLD JEWISH COMEDAINS WOULD INTRODUCE THE GALS.



I WENT THERE ONCE WITH MY FRIEND TODD. NOW IT'S CALLED **HARDBODIES** AND IT'S A TOTAL BAKING 'BO'S ABOMINATION!' ITS LIKE THESE VICTORIA SECRET CHICKS DOING A GYNECOLOGY EXHIBIT GET TO BAD DISCO MUSIC! THEY'RE NOT EVEN ALLOWED TO SERVE ALCOHOL!



THIS GUY TODD USED TO BE THE ONLY DECENT HUMAN BEING I KNEW UNTIL HE HOOKED UP WITH MY RACKIN' EX! AT FIRST I WAS LIKE **OHAY, DEAY, THAT'S COOL, WE CAN STILL BE FRIENDS**, BUT THEN HE STARTS ACTING LIKE SOME SUCKING **LIBERAL** - ALWAYS SHAKING HIS HEAD WHEN I SAID SOMETHING THAT DIDN'T FIT HIS IDEA OF HOW THINGS ARE SUPPOSED TO BE...



AND THEN I STARTED TO THINK ABOUT SHUFF HE HAD TOLD ME - LIKE ONCE HE TOLD ME THAT WHEN HE WAS A KID HE WAS INTO THE **BEE GEES**! TO ME THAT'S TOTALLY INEXCUSABLE! I OVERLOOKED A LOT OF QUESTIONABLE STUFF WITH THIS GUY.



WORSE THAN THAT WAS HIS EGGHEADED WAY OF SAYING EVERYTHING THAT WAS COOL SEEM REALLY ANNOYING BY OVER-ANALYZING IT TO DEATH...



I DON'T NEED TO HANG OUT WITH ANYBODY ANYWAY, I'VE GOT A FUCKIN' GIRLFRIEND... LATELY WE'VE REALLY BEEN GETTING INTO RENTING MOVIES-- GRADE Z HORROR AND CRIME STUFF --



I USED TO LIKE TO GO TO SEE THESE MOVIES IN THE THEATER, BUT I GOT SICK OF ALL THE FUCKING ASSHOLES IN THE AUDIENCE WHO WOULD LAUGH AT EVERYTHING I GENUINELY LOVE THIS STUFF.



IT USED TO BE YOU COULD WALK AROUND THE CITY AND ONCE OR TWICE A YEAR YOU'D STUMBLE ON A VIEW THAT WAS EXACTLY AS IT WAS IN LIKE 1950--LIKE THE PERFECT BACKDROP FOR ONE OF THESE MOVIES --



NOW THERE'S NO WAY. LUCKILY I DON'T HAVE TO LEAVE THE HOUSE EXCEPT TO GO TO THE POST OFFICE.

ONCE IN A WHILE WE GO TO THIS OLD BAR CALLED THE OWL -- IT'S ALL OLD REGULARS -- NOBODY GOES THERE, BUT IT'S PRETTY AUTHENTIC -- THERE'S THIS INCREDIBLE CLOCK -- SOMETIMES YOU CAN JUST FOR A SECOND IMAGINE THAT YOU'RE ROBERT MITCHUM IN LIKE 1960, BUT THEN SOME DUCHEBAG IN A DAYGLO JUMPSUIT WILL WALK IN AND GRILL EVERYTHING!



♪ CARRIES ON HIS WAYWARD SO-DON -- ♪

SOMETIMES I HATE EVERYONE SO MUCH I CAN HARDLY STAND IT! THERE WERE MORE GREAT SONGS RECORDED IN THE SUMMER OF 1966 BY BANDS THAT NOBODY HAS EVER HEARD OF THAN IN ALL THE YEARS SINCE!



TWO YEARS LATER THESE SAME KIDS WERE TAKING LSD AND PLAYING THE SITAR!

ALL THAT SHIT THAT CAME AFTER THAT, ALL THAT HIPPIE GARBAGE. THAT WAS SUPPOSED TO BE AN EXPRESSION OF **FREEDOM**--FREEDOM FOR WHO? YOU CANT SMOKE OR DRINK OR EVEN PROP A FUCKIN' HAMBURGER ACCORDING TO THESE PEOPLE!



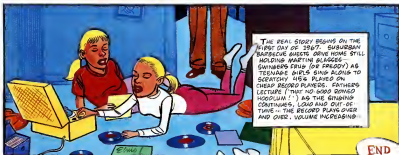
WHAT REALLY GETS ME IS THAT THEY THINK THEY HAVE ME ALL FIGURED OUT--LIKE I'M SOME DORK WHO'S INTO 'NOSTALGIA' OR 'BEATLEMANIA'... FUCK, I HATE THE BEATLES!



THAT'S ALL IT WAS WITH THAT OLD GIRLFRIEND. 1966 WAS A PHASE FOR HER! SHE'S PROBABLY RELIVING THE GLORY DAYS OF 1982 BY NOW! THAT'S WHY THAT WRITER JACK STEINBART IS SO COOL. HE'S TOTALLY OBVIOUS TO THE CHANGING TIMES. REALITY IS WHATEVER YOU WANT IT TO BE, RIGHT?



YOU'VE GOT TO BE ABLE TO GO IN YOUR OWN DIRECTION OR YOU JUST GET TRAMPLED BY THE FLOW OF HISTORY...



THE REAL STORY BEGINS ON THE FIRST DAY OF 1967. SUBURBAN BARBECUE GUESTS DRIVE HOME STILL HOLDING MARTINI GLASSES-- (SWIMMERS FRUG (OR FREDDY) AS TEENAGE GIRLS SING ALONG TO SCRATCHY 45s PLAYED ON CHEAP RECORD PLAYERS. FATHERS LECTURE ("THAT NO GOOD BOMBO HOOPLAH!") AS THE SINGING CONTINUES, LOUD AND OUT-OF-TUNE-- THE RECORD PLAYS OVER AND OVER, VOLUME INCREASING...

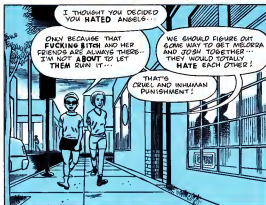
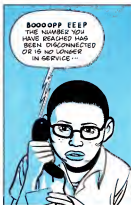
END





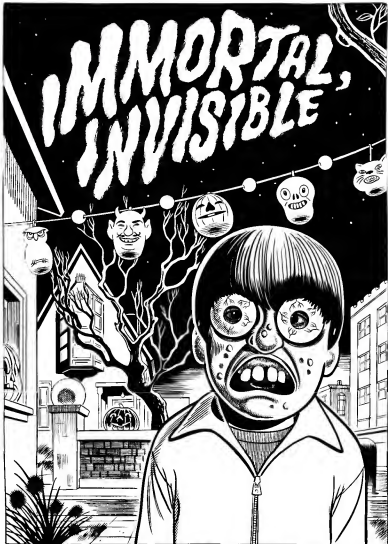








IMMORTAL, INVISIBLE



IT WAS HALLOWEEN NIGHT AND EVEN THOUGH I WAS NEARLY FOURTEEN, I DECIDED TO GO TRICK-OR-TREATING. NOT THAT I WAS CANDY-OBSESSED OR ANYTHING, IT WAS SORT OF A SPIRITUAL THING (I THINK THAT'S THE WORD I WANT TO USE). AT FIRST I DIDN'T REALLY WANT TO GO, BUT A STRANGE, ADOLESCENT MOOD CAME OVER ME AND SOON I COULD NO LONGER ALLOW MYSELF TO GUAUNDER THIS ONE LAST OPPORTUNITY...

I DECIDED TO MAKE IT INTO SOMETHING MORE THAN IT WAS. AT FIRST I HAD SOME PRE-TENTIONS IDEA ABOUT LOOKING AT THE WORLD FROM BEHIND THE SAFETY OF A MASK OR SOMETHING, BUT IT GOT ALL MISTY WITH CONDENSATION AND I HAD TROUBLE BREATHING AFTER A WHILE...



THE HOUSE THEY WERE GOING TO WAS SO OBVIOUS. "I AM NOT INTERESTED IN THAT TYPE OF HOUSE," I TOLD MYSELF...



I FELT A SURGE OF EXCITEMENT WITH EACH DOORBELL RING, THOUGH IT'S HARD NOT TO BE DISAPPOINTED WHEN YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE LOOKING FOR. IN MANY WAYS, I THOUGHT, THE PERFECT NIGHT WOULD BE A STRING OF UNANSWERED DOORS.



AS SOON AS I TOOK IT OFF I STARTED TO RUN INTO JUST THE SORT OF PEOPLE I HAD BEEN LOOKING TO AVOID -- NEIGHBORS, OTHER CHILDREN, ETC...



THE HOUSES I CHOSE WERE DETERMINED ONLY BY INSTINCT - THAT EXHILARATING ADOLESCENT INSTINCT THAT ALLOWS A TEENAGER TO FOOL HIMSELF COMPLETELY INTO THINKING THAT HIS RANDOM THOUGHTS AND ACTS HAVE EXALTED MEANING...



MOSTLY I HOPED FOR OLD PEOPLE. THEY SEEMED MORE SPIRITUAL (I GUESS BECAUSE THEY HAVE TO BE) ... OR MAYBE A BEAUMAIS OLDER CHINESE MAN WHO WOULD SAY SOMETHING ENIGMATIC... OR A CRAZY IRISH WOMAN...



BEFORE I GO ON I SHOULD EXPLAIN THAT I USED TO MAKE EVERYBODY CALL ME "CAR-MICHAEL" BACK THEN BECAUSE I HATED MY FIRST NAME ...

TRICK OR TREAT!



THE POMMERROYS WERE AN UNUSUAL IN-DISTINCT CLAN (MOSTLY BOYS) OF GOOD-NATURED OVER-ACHIEVERS WHO SHARED WITH THE CAR-MICHAELS (I.E. ME) ONLY THEIR SHORT-NESS AND ALL AROUND UNREMARKABLE LOOKS.



THE BEST NEWS I'VE HEARD RECENTLY IS THAT MR. POMMERROY LEFT HIS WIFE FOR A YOUNGER WOMAN, THROWING THE FAMILY INTO TURMOIL.



HEY, I KNOW YOU! YOU'RE A POMMERROY! I USED TO GO TO DAY CAMP WITH PAT!



PEOPLE ALWAYS TOOK ME FOR A POMMERROY.

KIDS LOVE THE CREAMY GOODNESS OF PEANUT BUTTER!



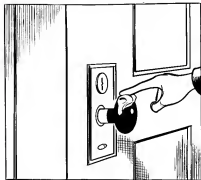
IT WAS GETTING LATE AND THE STREETS WERE PRACTICALLY DESERTED. THE FEW SAD PIECES OF CANDY I HAD WERE STUCK IN A CUMPTO THE PEANUT BUTTER. I WAS LESS THAN A MILE FROM MY HOUSE BUT I HAD NEVER BEEN ON THIS STREET IN MY LIFE. I DON'T THINK.



IT WAS OBVIOUS THAT NO ONE WAS HOME BUT I KEPT KNOCKING ANYWAY. I KNOCKED ONE HUNDRED TIMES. I FELT GUILTY FOR GIVING UP TOO QUICKLY ON SOME OF THE OTHER HOUSES.



I DON'T KNOW WHY BUT THIS REALLY PISSED ME OFF! I WENT BACK AND WIPE THE PEANUT BUTTER ON HER DOORKNOB.



IT WASN'T EASY FOR SOMEONE LIKE ME TO KEEP KNOCKING ON PEOPLE'S DOORS. IT WAS SORT OF THRILLING BUT THERE WAS NO PAY-OFF AND I WAS STARTING TO FEEL FRUSTRATED AND DISENCHANTED...



AS I WAS LEAVING I LOOKED BACK. THERE WAS AN OLD LADY IN THE DARK LOOKING AT ME FROM BEHIND THE CURTAIN...



THEN I WALKED AROUND FOR ANHILE, PLAYING OVER IN MY HEAD A CONVERSATION I HAD HAD WITH MY MOM THAT AFTERNOON...



I DECIDED TO PUT THE MASK BACK ON...

THERE WAS A SMALL PARTY GOING ON AND I NOTICED THAT MY SIXTH GRADE SCIENCE TEACHER WAS THERE. THIS WASN'T ALL THAT REMARKABLE, BUT COMING AT THAT MOMENT I TOOK IT AS A "SIGN". HE WAS STARING AT ME AND I WONDERED IF HE MIGHT NOT BE SOME KIND OF FRUIT...



BUDDYED BY THE TIMELY ADVENT OF SYNCHRONICITY I TOOK TO THE STREETS, AN ANXIOUS PRINCE IN THE HAND OF FORTUNE. I FOUND MYSELF ENTERING THE LOBBY OF AN OLD APARTMENT BUILDING (DIRECTLY VIOLATING HALLOWEEN CONVENTION).



I WALKED THE LENGTH OF THE GROUND FLOOR BUT NOTHING 'FELL RIGHT.' ON MY WAY UP TO THE SECOND FLOOR I RESOLVED TO KNOCK ON THE FIRST DOOR I SAW IN ORDER TO PRESERVE THE HARMONY OF THIS FADING REVERIE...



WHEN I SAW THE OLD WOMAN WHO ANSWERED THE DOOR I WAS GLAD THAT I HAD AT LEAST TAKEN OFF MY MASK. I WAS SOMEHOW UNABLE TO SAY "TRICK OR TREAT" SO I HELD OUT THE BAG WITH AN EXAGGERATED EXPRESSION OF HUNGER AND NEED.



SHE TOLD ME TO WAIT WHILE SHE LOOKED IN THE KITCHEN. NOW THAT I'M A FEW YEARS OLDER I WOULD KNOW TO DECLINE GRACIOUSLY AND LEAVE, BUT BACK THEN I WAS UNCLEAR ON ANY SORT OF SOCIAL PROTOCOL. MY MOTHER DID A VERY BAD JOB OF RAISING ME.



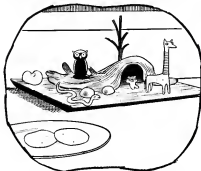
THE OLD WOMAN FUMBLING AROUND FOR A LONG TIME. I HEARD A SQUEAKY CUPBOARD OPEN FOLLOWED BY AN AVALANCHE OF EMPTY FOOD CONTAINERS. SHE EMERGED WITH A SUSPECT PLATE OF WAFERS (I WOULD EAT THEM ALL) AND A BOX.



IT WAS A WOOD PUZZLE, POSSIBLY HOME MADE, OF THE UNITED STATES.



WITH THAT, SHE BEGAN A MONOLOGUE ABOUT THE VARIOUS RELIGIONS OF THE WORLD. I BECAME ENRaptured BY A STRANGE CRECHE-LIKE CENTERPIECE AND MISSED ALL BUT THE TAIL END...



SHE ASKED ME MY APARTMENT NUMBER AND I TOLD HER I DIDN'T LIVE IN THIS BUILDING...



"THIS PUZZLE IS MISSING SOME OF ITS PIECES," SHE SAID. I DECIDED I'D BETTER LEAVE.



INSTEAD OF CULMINATING IN A REPUDIATION OF ALL NON-CHRISTIAN BELIEFS, SHE EVEN-HANDEDLY RECAPITULATED THE MAJOR RELIGIONS AND HELD THAT WHILE EACH HAD ITS MERITS, NONE WAS REALLY WORTH A DAMN.



CLEARLY THIS WAS THE OLD MAN'S SUBJECT AND SHE OBEDIENTLY DEFERRED TO HIM, SHAKING HER HEAD IN SAD ALLIANCE.



ABOUT A YEAR AND A HALF LATER I WENT TO SEE THEM BUT THEY WERE NO LONGER LIVING THERE. THE SAME TABLE WAS THERE, COVERED WITH PAPERS, BUT THE CENTERPIECE WAS LONG GONE.



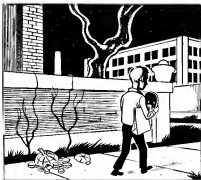
BACK OUTSIDE THERE WAS A RESURGENCE OF ACTIVITY. I WOULD BE HOODLUMS PERFORMING ACTS OF LOW-RISK VIOLENCE. EVERYWHERE WERE THE LEANINGS OF SPURIOUS DESTRUCTION, WHICH BROUGHT OUT MY PURIST'S INDIGNANCE...



THE LITTLE GIRL WAS HOMELY AND IT WAS CERTAIN THAT AROUND OTHER CHILDREN SHE WAS TIMID AND WITHDRAWN. BUT HERE SHE WAS, WALKING HOME IN HER COSTUME, A PRINCESS HOLDING THE HAND OF HER PERFECT MOTHER...



A FEW MINUTES LATER I WAS ALONE AGAIN, WIPING OUT THE INSIDE OF MY MASK WITH MY SHIRT AND TRYING TO FIGURE OUT WHERE TO GO NEXT...



I WANTED TO BE THE ONLY ONE ON THE STREET AGAIN... BEHIND ME, A GIRL IN A HOME MADE PRINCESS OUTFIT AND HER MOTHER WERE HEADED NORTH...



ALL OF A SUDDEN I JUST STARTED BAWLING; IT WAS SUCH A BEAUTIFUL THING... LIKE I SAID, I WAS IN A WEIRD MOOD.



MAYBE WHAT I REALLY WANTED, I BEGAN TO THINK, WAS A STRONGER SENSE OF FELLOWSHIP... I THOUGHT ABOUT MY FRIENDS AND ABOUT HOW I DIDN'T HAVE ANY...



MAYBE A TRULY "SPIRITUAL" FRIENDSHIP (WHATEVER THAT IS) IS ONE THAT'S ENTIRELY NON-SEXUAL AND THEREFORE OUTSIDE THE INFLUENCE OF OUR ANIMAL NATURE...



IT'S A SICK WORLD WHERE EVEN A LITTLE BOY CAN'T FIND FRIENDSHIP THAT ISN'T CONSUMED IN A SEXUAL POWER STRUGGLE!



AT THAT MOMENT, I REMEMBER THINKING WISTFULLY ABOUT A BYGONE ERA, WHERE MEN AND FRIENDSHIPS WERE HONORABLE. I BECAME SO FIXATED ON THIS THOUGHT THAT I WAS ONLY PARTIALLY AWARE OF THE ALCOHOLIC SERMON (ON THE SUBJECT OF "TODAY'S CHILD") BEING DELIVERED BEFORE ME...



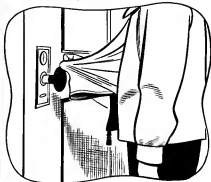
AFTER A DRAMATIC PAUSE, HE GAVE ME THE CONTENTS OF HIS COAT POCKET: TWO BUTTERSCOTCH CANDIES AND A MINT-FLAVORED TOOTHPICK.



BEFORE LEAVING THE PROPERTY, I URINATED ON HIS MAILBOX, AIMING UPWARD...



THEN I WENT BACK TO WIPE THE PEANUT BUTTER OFF THE OLD LADY'S DOORKNOB. AFTER THAT I DECIDED TO HEAD HOME.



ON THE WAY BACK I PASSED BY A MODEST HOME DECORATED WITH UNINTERESTING STATUARY STORC CUT-OUTS AND DECIDED THAT MAYBE I SHOULD MAKE ONE LAST STOP JUST TO TAKE SOME OF THE "EDGE" OFF OF MY LINGERING MOOD...



SHE WENT IN THE OTHER ROOM FOR A LONG TIME. I CONSIDERED SPLITTING BUT BEFORE I COULD ACT, HER DAD APPEARED. HE HAD BEEN BRIEFED SO I KNEW SHE HAD ONLY PRETENDED NOT TO RECOGNIZE ME...



HE LEFT ME ALONE WITH HIS TOY CAR. I WASN'T MUCH INTERESTED BUT I GAVE IT A TRY. AFTER ABOUT TEN SECONDS IT GOT STUCK IN THE CURTAINS.



AS SOON AS THE DOOR OPENED I GORELY REGRETTED MY DECISION. IT WAS HEIDI ABRAMOWICZ! SHE WAS IN MY GRADE IN SCHOOL AND HAD OBVIOUSLY LONG AGO OUTGROWN HALLOWEEN...



THIS WAS TERRIBLE TO HEAR SOMEONE I HAD NEVER MET USING THE FORBIDDEN NAME. HE LEFT ME THERE AND QUICKLY REAPPEARED WITHOUT CANDY.



I COULD SEE HEIDI IN THE OTHER ROOM WATCHING A GIGANTIC TV. HER DISDAIN FOR BOTH ME AND HER FATHER WAS PALPABLE. SHE WOULD GROW UP TO BECOME A LESBIAN WITH AN INTEREST IN THIRD WORLD CULTURES.



THE DAD RETURNED, AND WITH A FALSE LOOK OF REGRET TOLD ME THAT UNFORTUNATELY THEY SEEMED TO BE ALL OUT OF "TREATS"...

I WANT YOU TO BUY YOURSELF A WHOLE BAG OF CANDY!



I MADE ONE MORE STOP. A SLEEPY BACHELOR IN A BASEMENT APARTMENT GRACIOUSLY EMPTIED THE DRESS OF HIS BOWL OF SPEARMINT GUMDROPS INTO MY BAG...



I HOPE YOU'LL COME BACK AND SEE US AGAIN, DAVID!



THIS WAS JUST THE SORT OF NEUTRAL CLOSING I WAS FIGHTING FOR AND SO WITH CONFIDENCE I CROSSED THE STREET AND HEADED NORTH, CAREFULLY RETRACING MY STEPS.



I DIDN'T EAT ANY OF THE CANDY. I REMOVED THE DOLLAR AND PUT THE BAG IN THE CLOSET, WHERE IT REMAINS, NEXT TO AN UNBROKEN PIÑATA, FROM WHICH THE ABDOMINAL BOUNTY HAD BEEN CLAIMED BY HAND THROUGH A TINY HOLE.





SO ALLURING... SO ENCHANTING...
SO **EIGHTBALL!**



THRILLINGLY
NEW!



- A** EIGHTBALL BACK ISSUES: ORDER ALL SIX-TEEN DETACHABLE COMICBOOK OFFICIALS. SUBSCRIPTION \$1500 FOR 4... EACH \$3.00
- B** EIGHTBALL MAG THIS DYNAMIC ACCORDION IS THE PERFECT WAY TO RAISE YOUR BAIT-LINE! TIDY ELEGANT! 19.00
- C** EIGHTBALL CAP: MOONLIGHT - ROMANCE - AND YOU DINE IN THIS STUNNING CREATION - FREE POETRY. 116.99
- D** EIGHTBALL POSTCARDS: BOOKLET OF TEN IN STITCHED COLORED - OFFERS SUPER UNDERSHAPING. 15.99
- E** MANLY WORLD OF LLOYD LLEWELLYN: GILLOWY 20 PAGE SIGNED HARDCOVER - WASHES DIRT OFF 145.00
- F** *O*O*! THE LILL COLLECTION: 50 PAGES IN GUSTLING LURE WITH A CURVE - DRUGGING IT? 114.00
- G** LIKE A VELVET GUYVE CAST IN IRON: WHAT A DREAM! WITH HARELDON HELM - SCOTCHOVER 41.00 SIGNED HARDCOVER 145.00
- H** PUSSEY! 50 NEW... 50 SWEET... QUICKY PLUMES IN RUBBY BAYON - SCOTCHOVER 110.00 SIGNED HARDCOVER, 39.00 NOT PICTURED
- I** EIGHTBALL T-SHIRT: NOW THEM IN THIS VIVID COTTON CUTIE - SCRAMPTIOUS SIZES S, M, OR XL (ADD \$2) 17.99
- J** EIGHTBALL ZIPPO LIGHTER: SHINE OFF THIS GREAT BAIT-TRAPPER! 12.95
- K** VELVET GUYVE: GLENSCHEN A COLORFUL SIGNED SENSATION! 180.00

SEDUCTIVE...
BENWITCHING...

SECOND
PRINTING

SEND TO: SANTA BARBARA BOOKS
7500 LAKE CITY WAY N.E.
SEATTLE, WASHINGTON 98115

RUSH ME:

ITEM	PRICE

ALL PRICES POSTPAID TOTAL

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY STATE ZIP _____

EIGHTBALL